

ST. LAWRENCE TAKES ON NEW IMPORTANCE

Treaty Directs Attention to Great River System.

Washington.—The St. Lawrence river, Canada's natural highway to the West, takes on new importance since the recent signing of the waterway treaty between the United States and Canada.

"With its five fresh-water inland seas the St. Lawrence forms one of the great river systems of the world," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "While its basin is third in size among North American rivers, being exceeded by those of the Mississippi and the Mackenzie, the St. Lawrence drains in all some 550,000 square miles, an area nearly equal to that of the Republic of Peru.

"The name 'St. Lawrence,' however, applies only to the lower third of the 2,100 mile river system. Actually the stream rises at the source of the St. Louis river, near the headwaters of the Mississippi, in Minnesota, flows into Lake Superior, through the other Great Lakes, and empties into the Gulf of St. Lawrence at Cape Gaspe, Quebec. But technically the 'St. Lawrence' is that part of the main stream which flows from Kingston, at the mouth of Lake Ontario, to Cape Gaspe, 770 miles in length.

"In several ways the St. Lawrence is unique among large rivers of the world. Easygoing it does not dig up much silt, and therefore has no alluvial delta at its mouth. Its banks are clear and sharp to the ocean's rim, and the channel at its mouth is deep enough to clear the largest ships afloat.

"The St. Lawrence, in fact, may be said to lead a very well-balanced life. Five months during the year it works difficult as a Canada's chief artery of commerce. Then for seven months it rests all but the lower 100 miles being closed by ice. Floods are almost unknown along the St. Lawrence. The Great Lakes are not as impounding, regulating reservoirs and its own occasional lake-like expanses take up the excesses of its lower tributaries. The dikes at Montreal and needed only during the spring and fall when infrequent ice jams cause the river to overflow its normal banks.

"The St. Lawrence, in its lower reaches, is a tidal river, like the Hudson, but only enough to lift the tide at Orleans Island, 650 miles from the open ocean at Cabot Strait. At its mouth the range is only six feet, but at Orleans Island, below Quebec, the spread is 10 feet. Quebec has 18 1/2 feet of tide, although the water there is almost fresh.

"One of the widest of rivers, the St. Lawrence below Quebec is more like a broad bay or bay lake. The strange way approaching from Europe must sail some distance up the St. Lawrence before he realizes that he is in a river at all. At Point des Monts both banks become visible for the first time, yet the river here is 40 miles across and very deep. At its mouth the St. Lawrence is more than twice as wide. Even at Saguenay, halfway between the gulf and Quebec, it is still 20 miles across.

"Legends of French Canada. Historically, sentimentally and actually the St. Lawrence is one of America's most famous and beloved streams. Long before English settlers had crossed the Alleghenies French missionaries and fur traders pushed down the St. Lawrence and over the portages to the heart of North America. Today the tiny villages, white parish churches, and the green pastures of the descendants of these French pioneers make the St. Lawrence valley seem more like a part of Europe than America. Here is a land of legends—the 'Dripping Indian,' the 'Phantom Fleet,' and the 'Ghost ship'—far removed from busy Montreal, Canada's largest city, which also shares the banks of the St. Lawrence.

"While vessels of any draft may ascend the St. Lawrence to Quebec, the next 100 miles to Montreal are open only to ocean steamers which do not draw more than 30 feet. Smaller ships may ascend the river today to Lake Ontario by using a combination of short canals and open channels, but the locks are narrow and the current too swift for heavy commercial traffic in many places. This channel is 14 feet.

"With a 30-foot channel throughout, ocean liners could ascend the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario where the new Welland canal of the same depth could carry them to Lake Erie and the other Great Lakes. Shipping direct by this route an exporter in Buffalo, for instance, would save more than 300 miles to Liverpool, in addition to the cost of barge or rail shipment to Atlantic coast ports."

Wins \$1 for Rescuing Boy From River Waters

Camden, N. J.—"Hea, that's great! I didn't expect that!" exclaimed twelve-year-old Victor Horken when a cork snared was him \$1 for saving Robert Hanks, son, from drowning in Cooper river.

After a day of swimming Victor was trudging home when he saw Robert fall into the river. He plunged in and dragged the other boy ashore.

Amused As Found Jefferson, Ore.—What can be done, or was done, with a 17-tonne bronze anchor was a wonder. A. K. Knechtell, the anchor was found by excavation workers here. It bears the figure "A" with letters "T. C. C." just below.

County News

GROVER HILL

Arthur and Robert Whitman are spending the week at Hampton Beach at the cottage of Mrs. Harold Blake. Mrs. Blake, accompanied by her mother, sister, and brother of Portsmouth, motored to Bethel for them.

Mrs. Fred A. Mundt attended the State Grange Lecturers' Convention at Orono last week. Nathan A. Stearns and family attended the Jackson Reunion at Norway Sunday.

Rodney Waterhouse is visiting his grandmother at West Bethel. Miss Alice Mundt has concluded her vacation and returned to Worcester, Mass. She was accompanied by her sister Bertha Mundt, Hazel Grover of West Bethel, and Elsie Spinney of North Bethel, who made the trip by automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler were the guests of Mechanic Falls relatives on Sunday. Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mundt were Geo. Spinney and family of Conway, N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mundt and daughter of Gorham, Maine. Malcolm Mundt returned with the latter for a visit.

John Haselton of Mill Street did some rebuilding and painting of chimneys for N. A. Stearns last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Haines of East Bethel are guests at Burton Abbott's. Mr. Haines is helping to paint Mr. Abbott's house.

SOUTH ALBANY

Miss Winola Kimball was a week end guest of her sister, Mrs. Colby Robinson in Portland.

Miss Stella Renick began her second year of teaching in the Clark district last week.

Engene A. Wardwell returned to his home in Bridgeport, Conn., last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Bean and daughter, Florine and Muriel, of Bethel, and Vernon Croase from Portland, were guests at James Kimball's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McKee and daughter Ava called on Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stearns Sunday afternoon.

Miss Roseanna Sharon from Norway is spending a few days with her friend, Winola Kimball.

Mrs. Robert Hill came home Tuesday. She has been working at a cottage at Songo Pond through the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Sawin and Robert Hill and family spent the evening with James Kimball and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell attended a committee meeting of the Larger Parish Monday evening at No. Waterford.

Leon Kimball has been working for Preston Flint a few days.

Mrs. Leon Kimball and Winola recently spent the day at Preston Flint's.

Fred Scribner and crew are cutting bushes on the highway in this locality.

The Albany United Public Library held their annual meeting Saturday evening. All officers re-elected for the ensuing year.

Rev. A. C. Townsend preached at Albany Sunday, text—"And the Sun was darkened."

WEST STONEHAM

Callers at John Adams' Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McAllister and granddaughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Bartlett and children.

Mrs. John Adams returned to her work Monday morning.

Byron Emery is visiting at his grandfather's for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emery and children, John, Leona, Earle and Edwin, visited at Mrs. Emery's father's, John Adams, from Wednesday until Saturday night.

Jeanette Adams is visiting at North Fryeburg for a few days.

Mrs. K. H. Fontaine is not so well. Roy Wilhelm has returned to his log cabin.

NON-BELIEVERS

One time I went into a store to see the merchant about some advertising. He said, "No, I don't want any advertising in your paper—ads don't do any good—I don't believe in advertising."

I laughed and said, "What does it matter whether you believe in advertising or not?"

Adam didn't believe it mattered if he ate the apple—Noah's neighbors didn't believe in the flood—people didn't believe the earth was round—folks didn't think Lindbergh would fly across the ocean, and we could mention many others who don't believe in things.

The question is, "will advertising sell goods?" The answer is that successful business men have proven beyond a doubt that it can and will. That's that—Shirley (Ind.) News

HANOVER

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Cummings and daughters, Barbara and Anne, accompanied by Mrs. Addie Farwell and Mrs. Clara Reyford, both of Bethel, motored to New Meadows Inn Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Saunders went to Winthrop Monday, bringing home their son Wallace and Newton Hammond of Rumford Corner, who have been spending a week at the State Y. M. C. A. Camp.

Mrs. Eva Hayford and James, Mrs. Adelaide Smith, Mrs. Roena Silver, and Miss Elizabeth Smith motored through Fryeburg and the White Mountains Sunday.

Clarence Longfellow, together with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Dyer went to Sanford Saturday to visit their daughter, Mrs. Joe Hardy. They report Mr. Hardy as gaining slowly from a long illness.

Lecturers from several New England States passed through here Friday en route from the New England Lecturers' Conference at Orono.

WEST BETHEL

Mrs. Floris McNelis and Jessie Brooks were in Portland one day last week.

Moody Scribner of Yonkers, N. Y., called on his brother, Nahum Scribner, last Thursday.

Bertie Briggs of South Paris was in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bennett of Gorham, N. H., were guests of Mrs. Estella Goodridge one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Burris of Boston, Mass., were at Carlton Saunders' Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Blon Brown and family of South Paris were the guests of Mrs. Gladys Bean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Willis of Manchester, Conn., were guests at Goodridge Cottage Saturday.

A number of men from here are going to Fryeburg to work in the corn shop.

Clarence Rolfe is at work in the mill at Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitz of Lewiston were week end guests of Mrs. Estella Goodridge.

William Young has moved his family to Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kimball and son Leland attended the Edwards reunion at Locke Mills Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lovejoy and sons, Kenneth and Cleve, were in Berlin Friday of last week.

Lillian Lovejoy spent Thursday with Madylin MacKenzie in Mason.

Warren Bean was in Berlin one day last week.

Rev. B. Kenneth Anthony has returned to his studies at Yale.

UPTON

The Farm Bureau held a meeting at the Grange Hall Wednesday of last week with Mrs. Ruth Hastings, Mrs. Florence Hastings, and Mrs. Howe of East Bethel as speakers. The subject was cut flowers. Besides the speakers and their children there were Miss Mary Douglass of Gorham, N. H., Mrs. Eva West of Errol, N. H., Mrs. Lena Judkins and daughter and Mrs. Lyman Lane of Upton, and Mrs. Orvis Powell of Mexico as guests of the Farm Bureau. Dinner was served at noon.

Red Spot Fishing Club this week, as there are several extra guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Orvis Powell, who have been visiting his mother, Mrs. H. W. Whitney have returned to their home in Mexico.

Miss Mae Jacobs gave a party one day last week at her place.

Word has been received that Mrs. Perry Judkins of Andover and Mrs. Robert Haldane of Errol, each have a daughter born recently.

The boy's 4-H Club gave a demonstration Wednesday, Aug. 29 at the Library building.

Mrs. Eleanor Barnett and James Barnett are cleaning the schoolhouse this week.

Fred Judkins has been chosen as one of the four boys from Oxford County as delegate to the State 4-H Club camp at Lewiston next week.

Perkins Valley, Woodstock

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perkins and Miss Thelma Blood of Andover have been visiting several days at Nelson Perkins'.

Della Ridley and Gertrude Grafton of Pigeon Hill were week end guests of Mabel Thurlow.

Erland Thurlow and wife of South Lancaster, Mass., are visiting their relatives and friends for a few days.

Will Gerald of Lewiston spent the night recently at Bernal Thurlow's. Gerald Benson is cutting hay on Den Wilson's farm.

Eugene Kennedy of Rumford was through this place recently. Milford Perkins sold a gasoline engine to Elden Verill and has moved to Turkey Hill, Norway, where Mr. Verill has a mill.

RICHES OF ANCIENT ANTIOCH REVEALED

Explorers Are Busy in Once Gay Capital of Syria.

Washington.—Antioch, which has yielded many rich treasures of antiquity, again is the scene of explorations which recently uncovered a picture gallery in the form of a paneled mosaic floor.

"Modern Antioch, a drab city of 30,000 inhabitants, lying about 15 miles up the Orontes river from the Mediterranean, is a mere shadow of the gay city that once was the capital of the great empire of Seleucus Nicator, favorite of Alexander the Great, and later capital of the Roman empire in the Orient," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"Traditionally, Antioch owes its location to the flight of an eagle. Antiochia, built in 307 B. C., a few miles north of Antioch, was planned to be the fountainhead of government, commerce and industry in the Near East. While Seleucia was offering sacrifices at an altar in the city, an eagle swooped down, caught a piece of meat from the altar, and flew to the banks of the Orontes river. Seleucus interpreted the eagle's act as an omen that the gods wished him to found a capital on the river.

"The outstanding feature of the new city was the four-mile main street that connected the east and west gates. On each side rose double rows of lofty marble columns between which Ben Hur drove his chariot and Caesar paraded in triumph. Flanking the street was a marble-paved, covered promenade adorned with statues and carvings in marble and bronze. Beyond the promenades rose the handsome facades of government buildings.

"At night the main street was a great white way. Despite its gayety, however, Antioch's path was often strewn with sorrow. Its walls were frequently pounded by jealous enemies. While the columned highways, walks, gates and handsome buildings are memories, a large part of the modern city is built of the stones that once witnessed the processions and chariot races of 'Antioch the Glorious.'

"Antioch has been succeeded commercially by Aleppo. Today its largest industries are shoe and soap making and hide tanning."

Auto Drivers Can Save

Washington.—The motorists who runs down a wild animal or bird on the highway may not realize that he is helping, probably without deliberate intention, to swell one of the most impressive death lists in the lives of small game creatures, declares a bulletin of the American Game association.

With game commissions and sportsmen striving in numerous ways to save and restore wild game for its tremendous recreational and economic value, many states have launched educational campaigns during the tourist season to reduce game mortality due to thoughtless driving.

Most of the animals are killed at night. Lights blind them. Picking the lights to dim or slowing down will save them, and in the case of larger creatures, such as deer, may also save the drivers from a dangerous crash.

Aged Man Trades House for Perpetual Income

Newark, N. J.—When George von Eff was seventy he had a three-family house but no income. So he traded his home for a life income of \$1 a day, a meal a day, the privilege of living in a small building in the rear, and the promise of a decent burial.

His \$1 a day went for magazines and knock-knocks. Now the Bridgton family, who got the house, has kept the deal clause of the contract—they have given the old man a decent burial.

Von Eff upset a kerosene lamp and burned to death.

Office Workers Given Five Hours for Lunch

Rome—Five hours for lunch is the rule for most office workers in Rome during the summer months. The various government bureaus and a great number of private offices and stores operate on the summer schedule. The working day begins at eight in the morning. At noon everybody will go out to lunch and not return until five o'clock in the afternoon. They will then work from five until nine. The intense heat of early afternoon is the reason for the schedule.

Dance in Lion's Den Obeys Dying Wish

London.—No carry on her father's dying wish, nineteen-year-old Rose Purchase danced in a cage with the lions that caused her parent's death. The father, Capt. Thomas Purchase, a lion tamer, died in a Manchester hospital after the lions had mauled him. "I am going on with my dancing, for it was my father's wish," said Rose just before a performance. "I promised father as he was being taken away to the hospital that I would not desert the show. There have been generations of fair ground and circus people before my father who bore his name, and I and my young brothers mean to carry on the tradition."

BRYANT POND

Woodstock Farm Bureau held a very interesting meeting on Cut Flowers Thursday, August 25. There was a small attendance as a number of the members were away on a vacation. A very instructive talk was given by Mrs. Edith Abbott, Home Management Leader. She also demonstrated the arrangement of flowers in vases.

A Republican Rally was held at Forage Hall, Friday evening with a good attendance. The speakers were Mr. Greenlaw of Norway, Congressman Donald Partridge and Carroll L. Beedy, candidate for re-election to Congress from the First Maine District.

The Sunday School with their teachers held a picnic Wednesday, Aug. 24, at Littlefield's picnic grounds. It was an ideal day and everyone had a good time.

Mrs. Florence Cushman has been spending the past week with her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cushman, in Auburn.

Mrs. R. F. Willard is at East Brainree, Mass., the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Raeburn Hathaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cushman and daughter Ida spent the day Sunday at Bailey's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews and daughter Alice, and Mr. and Mrs. Porter Swan and children, and Clara Whitman spent the week end at H. Alton Bacon's cottage at Harpswell.

Mr. and Mrs. James Billings and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Redman and family spent a few days camping at Lake Umbagog in Upton.

Middle Intervale, Bethel.

The Middle Intervale Farm Bureau met with Mrs. Harold Stanley last Thursday. Cut Flowers was the project and was made very interesting. Several bouquets were arranged by the members. A picnic dinner was served on the lawn and a profitable and general good time was declared by all who attended.

Harold Green visited his parents at the Greens' camp several days last week.

Eelen Carter, who has had employment at Squar Hill for the past months, returned home Friday evening.

Richard and Helen Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stevens are attending Sherbrook Fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanley and son Junior of Berlin were guests of Mr. R. Stanley Sunday.

Miss Alice Carter, who has been spending the past month with her father, Herbert Carter, returned to her work in Boston Monday morning.

Walter Valentine and family and Willis Ward and family were in Portland Sunday.

Mrs. Irene Foster and Miss Minnie Capen were guests of Mrs. Fannie Carter last Wednesday.

B. W. Kimball went to Pittsfield last Wednesday, who has employment for the next month inspecting corn.

Roger and Harold Bartlett were at home for the week end.

Services are being held at the Baptist Church, Middle Intervale, Sunday morning at 10:30 daylight saving time. Grace Carter and Catherine Seaton were in Portland Tuesday.

MASON

E. Laurence Grover and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. Bailey and Miss Florence Wentworth from Massachusetts are at Mr. Grover's camp.

Lillian Lovejoy from West Bethel was an overnight guest of Elizabeth and Madylin MacKenzie recently.

Alfred Lovejoy and Delmont Harding from West Bethel spent Monday night at Fred Lovejoy's camp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie were at Gorham, N. H., Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Grover, Theodore, Robert, Reginald and Albert Grover, Miss Florence Wentworth and Paul and Walter Grover climbed Mt. Caribou Sunday and enjoyed a picnic dinner on the summit.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- Questions
1. How much blood does the human body contain?
 2. Name seven punctuation marks.
 3. What is the birthstone of May?
 4. What Tea Party became historic?
 5. What well known movie actor recently sailed for Sweden?
 6. Who is the author of "The Idiot"?
 7. Who invented the lightning rod?
 8. Where do we find the record of the fall of man?
 9. What is the largest lake in the world?
 10. When is "ante" used, and when is "anti" used?

- Answers to Last Week's Questions
1. Francis Scott Key.
 2. "Please pass the biscuits" is correct.
 3. Water in the solid form, known as ice.
 4. Baton Rouge.
 5. Eamon De Valera.
 6. Ancient, amethyst; modern,ethyst.
 7. The marshy beds of Venice and the famous "pitch lake" on the island of Trinidad.
 8. One who has been elected to the chair until such time as a permanent chairman has been voted on.
 9. Luke.

CASH WEEK END SPECIAL

- FRI., SAT., MON., SEPT. 2
- SPAGHETTI 10c or 3 for 10
 - With Cheese and Tomato Sauce 10c
 - YANILLA WAFERS, 2 for 10
 - SHRIMPED WHEAT, 2 for 10
 - POTATOES (Native), 10c
 - BACON (Sliced), 10c
 - YACHT CLUB BAKING POWDER, 10c
 - COCOA, 3 lbs. 10c
 - BROWN BREAD, Tall can, 2 for 10
 - BAKED BEANS, Tall can, 2 for 10
 - CATSUP, Large size, 10c
 - CLAM CHOWDER, No. 3 size, 10c
 - STRING BEANS, No. 2 size, 2 for 10
 - MOXARCH COFFEE, Special, 10c
 - SALADA TEA, 1/2 lb. 10c
 - HEINZ RICE FLAKES, 10c
 - American Pride N. B. C. Ass't Educator Assortment, 3 pkgs. 10c
 - Cheese Wafers, Salad Cracker, 10c
 - Fancy Cookies, 10c
 - IVORY SOAP, 4 bars 10c
 - ODD LOTS OF PAINT 10c
 - To clean up stock 2 qt. cans 10c
 - Qts. 49c

Mark C. Allen

BRYANT POND, MAINE

STOPS HEADACHE IN FIVE MINUTES

A Wonderful Formula Ends Aches and Pains Almost Like Magic! Something Better and Safer!

Thousands of men and women are now stopping headaches, dizziness, splitting headaches, as well as the excruciating pains of rheumatism, neuritis, toothache, with a marvelous new formula called A-VOL, is being prescribed by thousands of doctors and dentists and welfare nurses because of the quick, efficient way it relieves all types of aches and pains without depressing the heart or causing any other harmful effects. A-VOL quickly stops the severe pain, leaving the patient refreshed and feeling fine. Especially effective in women's period pains, this is truly a remarkable formula just step into your nearest drug store and get a package of A-VOL for a few cents. Take a couple of tablets right there. If your pain is not gone in five minutes, clerk will return your money.

POULTRY AGRICULTURE

FARM POULTRY

GROW MORE CAPONS AS FARM SIDELINE

Surplus Cockerels Do Well for the Purpose.

By ROY S. DEARSTINE, Head of North Carolina State College Poultry Department—(WSN Service).

Nothing is more appetizing on the family table than a well grown and plucked capon, and they may be sold readily on local markets. The surplus cockerels on a farm may be used for this purpose. However, only well-developed birds should be used. If vigorous, robust, warm-blooded birds are used, they may be grown out into heavy capons that bring good prices. Never use a Leghorn for this purpose, but use such breeds as the Rocks, Brahmans, Orpingtons, Cornish, Wyandottes or Jersey Black Giants.

Timing the caponizing operation is necessary. The best markets exist about Easter and this avoids putting the capons into competition with turkeys at Thanksgiving and Christmas. To have birds ready for the Easter market, caponize them about July 1 to 15. This will give them time to develop large frames and to go through the intensive feeding period which finishes such a bird in from 10 to 14 days.

Best Results Only for Careful Poultry Raiser

The properly balanced ration accomplishes wonderful results when fed to stock that is rightly bred, well managed and correctly housed. Houses and equipment, such as brooders, feed hoppers, drinking pans, etc., that are sufficient to accommodate 20 chicks will not take care of 500. Satisfactory growth cannot be secured under such conditions. Growing stock needs lots of feed; provide a good main feed and a good growing mash in hoppers so the birds can't get it.

The condition of a carcass when it is marketed depends almost entirely on the way the bird is cared for up to the time it is killed. This means the way in which it is grown and the way it is fattened for market.

A poorly grown bird will not take of weight satisfactorily; its digestive organs have not developed sufficiently to handle the more or less concentrated feed that is fed during the fattening period, nor does the bird have the vitality to stand up under this fattening process.

Don't Mix Old and Young

The Bible tells us it is unwise to put new wine in old bottles. Today a modern poultryman will tell you not to attempt to raise young chicks in old quarters. A still much less desirable practice is to attempt to put chicks in quarters occupied by old stock. It is a hopeless task to raise young and old together. The conditions are not sanitary, the ground is teeming with parasites, organisms such as worms and coccidia and the chicks will become badly infested with lice. Again the baby chick doesn't get an opportunity to eat. They not only cannot eat but are trampled under foot. If one wants to successfully raise chicks, keep them away from the old hens and raise on clean, fresh ground. Losses from rats are much less apt to occur if the chicks are brooded some distance from the farm buildings—Missouri Farmer

Fight Lice Hens like to dust and it probably removes quite a few lice, but the method is not desirable for controlling lice in the poultry house. When hens are

POULTRY AGRICULTURE ORCHARDING FORESTRY

FARM TOPICS

DAIRYING LIVE STOCK GARDENING MARKETING

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Fight Lice

Hens like to dust and it probably removes quite a few lice, but the method is not desirable for controlling lice in the poultry house. When hens are working in the dust boxes, the air in the poultry house is unhealthful for the owner and it seems as if colds are more prevalent among the birds when their coverts are often filled with dry dust.

The poultry man is more apt to control lice if the hens are crated at least twice a year and each given the blue ointment or sodium fluoride treatment. If you do not wish to catch the hens, use the nicotine sulphate (Black-Leaf 40) on the roosts at sundown.—Indiana Farmer Farmer's Guide.

Poultry Notes

Skimping on growing chicks' rations never pays.—"Feed them or sell them"

It is estimated that a chick will consume four pounds of feed during the first eight weeks of its growth.

Since production the first year is usually 15 to 30 per cent higher than in later years, one should cull during that time, discard the poor producers, and keep the best over for the next year.

The answer is, can now for winter. Anyone wishing help in computing how many jars of tomatoes or greens are needed for her family, may call the Home Demonstration Agent at South Paris.

GUERNSEY MALE CALF GIVEN AT STATE 4-H CLUB CAMP

Mrs. William Tudor Gardiner will present a pure bred Guernsey male calf to the 4-H Club boy or girl winning first place in the Guernsey class at the State 4-H Club camp to be held in connection with the Maine State Fair, at Lewiston, September 4-8. L. H. Shibbes, state club leader, has announced.

Mrs. Gardiner originally had given the calf to W. G. Hutton, industrial agent for the Maine Central Railroad, to be exhibited on the proposed livestock train to encourage the wider use of pure bred dairy sires. However, since it was inadvisable to run the agricultural train this year, Mrs. Gardiner has given permission to dispose of the animal in this way. It is pointed out also that if the animal was kept for another year, time would be lost in placing it to the best advantage.

In glancing over this calf's pedigree, one is inclined to the belief that its ancestors might have come over on the Mayflower. At least the calf itself has all the requirements of bovine excellence. His full name is Oakland's Governor DeLancey. His mother is Rice Farm Julia No. 71085. She has two advanced registered daughters, one of which is Juliet Hardwick with a record of 460.5 pounds of butter fat and 8412.5 pounds of milk in class Triple A. The other A. R. daughter is Laird's Julia No. 247637 with a record of 11654 pounds of milk and 644.5 pounds of butter fat, class F. The third daughter, Oakland's Jess, is on test at the present time and is making a promising record. The sire of Oakland's Governor DeLancey is Silverwood's DeLancey No. 98987. He has two daughters on test at the present time—DeLancey's Laura of Oakland No. 285430 and Oakland's Rebecca No. 300894. Their records are not yet complete.

Oakland's Governor DeLancey was born April 5, 1932. He was bred by Robert H. Gardiner of Gardiner and was transferred on April 29, 1932, to Governor William Tudor Gardiner.

OXFORD EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETS

Members of the Oxford County Farm Bureau Executive Committee met Thursday of last week and made plans for the coming year. The membership campaign was thoroughly discussed and eight district managers were invited to take part in the working out of these plans for their campaign.

In addition to membership plans, the committee adopted a series of projects which they will recommend at annual meeting for adoption in the county program of Extension.

George E. Lord, County Agent Leader, and Miss Estelle Nason, Home Demonstration Agent Leader, were present at this meeting.

Following is the list of the projects which will be recommended for adoption at the annual meeting for adoption in the county program of Extension.

BOYS 4-H CLUB WORK

Agricultural Economics—Farm Accounts, Poultry Accounts.

Crops—Improved Potato Seed Plots, Lime Campaign.

Dairy—Quality Milk, Safety Bull Pens, Dairy Herd Improvement Service.

Forestry—Farm Woodlot Improvement, Forest Tree Planting.

Orchard—Apple Fruit Fly, Apple Tree Planting, Apple Tree Pruning, Orchard Spray Service.

Poultry—Accredited Plocks, Pedigree Breeding, Increase your Income with Poultry.

RIGHT FOODS

How many Oxford County Housewives plan to have each day's meals include these foods every day in the year?

Cereal, porridge, or pudding.

Potatoes.

Tomatoes (or oranges) at least for the children—Canned tomatoes are just as good as fresh.

A green or a yellow vegetable.

A fruit or an additional vegetable.

Milk for all.

It is an easy matter this time of year to have more fruit and vegetables than this—the minimum requirement for health and vigor. But our bodies can't store up vitamins to any extent so we should be sure of a daily supply the year around.

The answer is, can now for winter. Anyone wishing help in computing how many jars of tomatoes or greens are needed for her family, may call the Home Demonstration Agent at South Paris.

FARM BUREAU NEWS

DISTRICT MANAGERS MEET WITH EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Plans for the membership campaign in Oxford County are getting under way in good shape. County officers have appointed eight persons to act as district managers over eight districts in the county. These people, six of whom were at the Executive Committee meeting held last Thursday, are listed below with the communities in their district.

Ida Morse, Rumford—Andover, Rumford, North Rumford.
Laura Chapman, Mexico—Mexico, Dixfield, Roxbury.
Bertrand Buck, Buckfield—Canton, Peru, Summer, Buckfield.
Robert Hastings, East Bethel—Bethel, East Bethel, Upton, Middle Intervale.
A. N. Cairns, South Paris—Woodstock, North Paris, South Paris.
Edith Greenleaf, Norway—Watford, Norway, Oxford.
Earl Osgood, Fryeburg—Fryeburg, East Fryeburg, North Lovell.
Albert Brooks, Brownfield—Brownfield, Hiram, Denmark.

4-H CLUB NOTES

The Club Agent met with the "Happy Juniors" of South Woodstock and assisted them in canning beets.

The "Hiram Hustlers" and the Brownfield "Danknys" 4-H Clubs held a public demonstration at the Parish House in Brownfield. The girls who are taking Cooking and Housekeeping prepared the supper. During the evening the girls gave a demonstration on preparing a cold and inexpensive supper for health.

The boys gave two demonstrations—"Selecting Potatoes for Exhibit" and "Testing Sweet Corn." There was a large attendance of parents and townspeople present.

The "Hilltop Hustlers" of North Norway have planned a club tour to the Farmington Normal School.

The "The Merry Workers" of West Buckfield who are taking Room Improvement, plan to hold a tour of rooms with the Club Agent this week.

NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wight went to Phillips, Me., Tuesday to attend the Wing reunion.

Miss Amy Hancoc and Vala Egan returned from Locke Mills Sunday, where they spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cole.

Earl Davis and family were callers at S. P. Davis' Monday.

Mrs. Amy Bennett has been cleaning the schoolhouse on this river the past week.

Miss Carrie Wight spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Bethel, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Rena Foster.

L. E. Wight and William Walker are working on the telephone line in first town.

The Children's Day exercises at the church Sunday evening were well attended and much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Lebanon of Berlin was in town Tuesday with a line of dry goods.

Miss Hilda Fleet was a caller at L. E. Wight's Tuesday.

A heavy electrical shower passed over this place Saturday night with much rain and wind.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Leroy Martin, Jr. has the whosoping cough.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs and family, who have been spending the summer at Camp Wagner, have returned to their home at Montreal.

Dr. Greenleaf of Bethel was in the vicinity recently.

W. A. Swan of Locke Mills visited with relatives in this place this week.

Flora Swan of Norway and Bryant Pond is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Laura Seames.

Mr. and Mrs. Lealie Whitman and family of Norway have been staying at the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicolaus Hartman and Mrs. Hammond of Mechanic Falls were at the camp over the week end.

M. T. Abbott and Arthur Tracy of Mechanic Falls were callers in the vicinity Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Farr and family of West Poland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse, Mrs. Alanson Cummins and daughter Kathryn visited at Ross Martin's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Hodgkins and family of South Portland have been staying in this vicinity.

IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY, SAYS EXTENSION SPECIALIST

Right now it's especially smart to be thrifty, and the woman who is canning enough vegetables, fruits, and meat for the winter ahead deserves to be considered both thrifty and smart, says Estelle Nason, home demonstration agent leader at the University of Maine.

She is proud to tell of her accomplishment and her neighbors recognize her as a wise and efficient manager. Miss Nason continues. Even though there be little money available during the winter months, the family's health standards are safe guarded.

Then, too, the woman who is well dressed in a garment she has reconditioned for herself is admired. It's a time of little spending and yet a period for a wealth of ingenuity and originality. How about the children's garments? Coats and dresses for the younger are being fashioned from the adults partly worn garments. If the right principles of health and self development are observed in the construction, the child is just as well cared for as when wearing an expensive purchased garment.

Families accustomed to spending at vacation time for an auto trip, a stay at a summer resort, etc., have found more simple and inexpensive ways of vacationing. It may be the getting acquainted with the family through a simple camping trip, picnics, tennis or other sports. When most of us are attempting to fill our days too full of active living, isn't it a wise choice, even if a necessary one, to relax and enjoy a more simple vacation?

As a result of less money available, and consequently the urgent need for every penny to be wisely spent, more homemakers are keeping a record of their expenditures. As the farmer, to be a good manager, keeps farm accounts, the homemaker to be an efficient home manager is budgeting her expenditures. Again, the increase in the number of persons more carefully planning is making toward thrift and wise spending.

Homemakers with high standards for their homes will use this period of adjustment to live more largely on products supplied by the farm, to appreciate living closely with the members of the family in consideration of expenditures, recreation, etc.

By so doing, we may in the future consider this a period of development rather than of depression.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah, was the echo from the battle ground, August 23. Even the defeated joined in the shouts of victory. For the noble braves of Molly Ockett had won the game 15-14, and defeated the LePage's of Lewiston, a pitched nine of able bushes who met their first defeat for 1932. Following this game another was played with the Ruffens from Snow Falls with another victory 7-5 for the Molly Ocketts. Hurrah, Hurrah, five games in six days, with only one defeat. Come on, play all boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Wagoner and children from Bangor, Me., are spending a week's vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Perham, at Ockett Farm.

Mrs. Elsie Perham, R. N., is caring for Mrs. Lillian Day Dunsby and the new baby boy at West Paris.

Work is progressing on the "Cole Hill" road. The improvements on this road will be much enjoyed by the traveling public as it gives a continuous straight line state road from Portland direct to Bangor Falls, a road traveled by the first settlers of Rumford, Woodstock and Paris in early pioneer times.

Mrs. Wilma Brown Davis has returned from Freeport and is visiting with her parents at Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Perham from Bryant Pond were callers Aug. 29 on their cousin, Mrs. Elsie Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Portine of Andover, who have been spending the past two weeks as guests of her sister, Mrs. George Hendrickson, returned to Andover Monday.

Saturday, Aug. 27, everybody put on their best bib and tucker and attended the Fair at West Paris. "Better than ever before" was the verdict given by Davis secured pit race parker, another honor for South Woodstock.

SAMPLE MENUS

Here are a couple of menus taken from the Bureau of Home Economics "Market Basket".

Dinner

Brown Stew with onion and potatoes.

Sliced tomatoes.

Whole wheat bread and butter.

Berry pie, dumplings or shortcake.

Milk for children.

Supper

Corn pudding—toast.

Fresh fruit—cheese.

Milk for all.

TWO-MINUTE SERMON

by REV. GEORGE HENRY

AS A MAN THINKETH

A man is not altogether responsible for his thoughts. Our thinking is largely determined by what we see and hear. If you curse and swear and belch forth smut in my presence, I may not be able to avoid hearing it. You are then responsible, and not I. A man is not always responsible for the thoughts that pass through his mind; but he is responsible for the thoughts he cherishes, for the thoughts he likes to ponder over. These thoughts determine his character.

One's mind is often exposed to unwholesome and evil thoughts, just as the camera's plate is exposed to ugly sights. But evil thoughts need not be developed in the mind any more than the ugly picture on the plate need be developed and fixed.

Choose your companions with care, young man. Associate with men who think straight and live clean—with men whose brains are above the waist line.

HIGH STREET, WEST PARIS

Miss Kathryn Ingalls is visiting at Inceside.

Mrs. Florence Holden and four children returned home from Sanborn, N. H., Sunday after spending two weeks with her mother.

Mrs. Lilla Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Hill, Marlon and Howard Hill, and Philip Lovejoy attended the Jackson reunion held at Rus Jackson's in Milletville, Sunday.

Many from High Street attended the Fair held at West Paris, Saturday.

Porter Rural School will begin next Tuesday with Miss Elizabeth Hollis as teacher.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Camp Sebewasha closed Sunday, August 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Yates were at Colby River's Sunday.

Maudie Salls called at Newton Bryant's Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby King were at Stelburne, N. H., over the week end.

Carl Brooks was home from Watford Sunday.

Eva Lord is home from her work at Norway.

The Crusader Club held its meeting at the school house Thursday evening. Games were played after the meeting.

SUMMER DESSERTS

Summer desserts! The simplest of all desserts is fruit, and fruit like vegetables supply the particular kind of nutrients most likely to be lacking in our diets, namely: minerals and vitamins. Some vitamins are destroyed by cooking—raw fruit is better than cooked. A bowl of mixed fruit—apples, plums, pears, and grapes, makes a beautiful centerpiece for the first part of the meal and an ideal summer dessert.

A plain fruit dessert such as a fruit cup, fruit gelatin or a frozen fruit dessert will balance a meal of meat and potatoes. If one wants a fruit pie, a cobbler, or shortcake, or a fruit cornstarch or rice combination for dessert, she will need to add some type of vegetable like cabbage, carrots, or a salad to the meat and potato to perfectly balance the meal.

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The Black Box of Silence

By Francis Lynde

Illustrations by O. Irwin Myers

(WNU Service)

(Copyright by William Conrad Chapman)

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Having demonstrated the power of an extraordinary silence, the "Black Box" which he had created, Owen Landis, young inventor, in the little town of Canby, decided to use the device, if possible, to bring about a change in the black box of silence which had been used for so long.

CHAPTER II.—Landis told Markham the only person, besides himself, knowing the combination of the box, is Betty Lawson, with whom the inventor is in love. Markham takes a plaster cast of a woman's foot, found beneath the window of the laboratory.

CHAPTER III.—Betty, daughter of a college professor, is well known to Markham. Both he and Landis believe her to be above suspicion, but to assure himself he takes an opportunity to fit the cast to one of Betty's shoes. They are identical. Betty tells him that Canby, a stranger in town, who is posing as a "promoter," had driven her home from the theater the previous night, and that she had done in the car. Markham does not tell Landis of his discovery, but the girl has deliberately stolen the invention from Landis' safe is unthinkable, but the evidence of the plaster cast seems to prove she was present at the time of the robbery.

CHAPTER IV.—Markham, vaguely suspicious of Canby's honesty, searches his hotel room, in his absence. He finds hidden there two loaded automatic revolvers and a complete set of burglar's tools. Canby, returning, brings the revolvers and burglar's kit to the hotel clerk, claiming to have just found them in his room. That night the "cave" in the bank of the small town of Canby was blown open, and the noise of the explosion being unheard, satisfied that his "black box" is in the hands of a criminal, and that the man he feared, Landis, with Markham, drives at once to Portland.

CHAPTER V.—At Portland they find confirmation of their fears. Three strangers, riding in a pleasure car, claiming to be business men of Louisville, are the only possible suspects. Markham and Landis have been told that the three are from Louisville, and that they are in the car. Markham, however, advises from Louisville to the three. At St. Joseph, Markham sees Canby's car, a Nordyke. He learns Canby is driving west, with Betty Lawson and her father. He is surprised at their presence in the West, and explains the reason to Landis and his father's journey. Markham overhears a conversation between Canby and the three Louisville men, which convinces him he is on the right track.

CHAPTER VI.—While he and Landis are sleeping, Markham's car is stolen and wrecked. He jumps out, and they go on, on the road to the north. In the town of Canby they get news of the missing car, and of the fact that the three Louisville men are in the car. Markham, however, advises from Louisville to the three. At St. Joseph, Markham sees Canby's car, a Nordyke. He learns Canby is driving west, with Betty Lawson and her father. He is surprised at their presence in the West, and explains the reason to Landis and his father's journey. Markham overhears a conversation between Canby and the three Louisville men, which convinces him he is on the right track.

CHAPTER VII.—Markham and Landis follow the three men in the Pleatone. They find the commissary of the Canby car, and the three men are seen to be in the car. Markham, however, advises from Louisville to the three. At St. Joseph, Markham sees Canby's car, a Nordyke. He learns Canby is driving west, with Betty Lawson and her father. He is surprised at their presence in the West, and explains the reason to Landis and his father's journey. Markham overhears a conversation between Canby and the three Louisville men, which convinces him he is on the right track.

CHAPTER VIII.—At Brewster they meet the three men. He tells them he is in the West, and the three men are seen to be in the car. Markham, however, advises from Louisville to the three. At St. Joseph, Markham sees Canby's car, a Nordyke. He learns Canby is driving west, with Betty Lawson and her father. He is surprised at their presence in the West, and explains the reason to Landis and his father's journey. Markham overhears a conversation between Canby and the three Louisville men, which convinces him he is on the right track.

CHAPTER IX.—Markham and Landis have to wait. If Mr. Starbuck sees us, he'll think it queer if we drive past without stopping. Markham parked the car, and as he was doing it, Starbuck came out, and he was just in the nick of time to have a man speak with us. The man owner's greeting, "Come on over to the mess shack and meet the staff."

This was their introduction to the engineers and other crew's mess, and after the mess Starbuck took them to hand and showed them through the mine.

After they had tramped for what seemed like miles in the network, Starbuck halted them in a well-lighted heading where the chattering clamor of the air drills was deafening; and the silence, when the drills stopped, and the miners began to unlimber and drag back from the heading, was almost painful.

"This is our main head," Starbuck explained, when the silence of the dark tunnel came into him. "It's the old mine, and they call it a 'true' feature, and they have a belief that such veins grow richer the deeper you dig." "They are mining to load the cars and fire, and not to get more out."

As they were walking down the main tunnel, Landis said, "You speak of the old mine; do they have many superstitions?" "Oh, not more than men of other callings. I reckon. But in this heading we've just left, we had a curious case of 'miner's nerves.' The men began to say they could hear the ticking of a watch when the drills stopped. We didn't pay any attention to it at first, but after a while when the men in that heading began to take time off on one excuse or another, we investigated. The ticking could be heard at times, but it was probably only the ticking of water

in some underground cavity, or so we concluded."

As they came out of the mine, Markham asked the location of the Queneau. Starbuck pointed up the road toward Lake Umbagog.

"It's on the other side of the spur in the next gulch. If you are going that way, you'll see the dump as you pass the mouth of the gulch."

They saw it, hanging like a huge gray beard from the mountain side, but a turn in the gulch hid the mine buildings. The side road was barricaded against traffic, and beyond the barricade they saw a man with a gun.

"What do you make of that?" Landis asked.

"No visitors need apply. I wonder what Canby has up his sleeve in there?"

"Time may tell. What do we do now. Go on hunting for the Fleeting?"

Markham made a sign of assent. "I'd like to know where those three men left it, and why. Also, why Canby went out to meet them."

They stopped at the hotel to glance over the register in search of the three names. Markham had copied from the record in St. Joseph. The names did not appear, and as they were driving out of the hotel grounds they met Canby driving in, not in the yellow limousine, but in a sport roadster.

The other occupant of the single seat was Betty Lawson. Canby seemed not to see them, but Betty did and she waved to them.

"You see," said Landis gloomily. "I see that you are taking it lying down." Markham returned in a half growl.

"You think I wouldn't break in if I had an opening—that I don't care enough? Good Lord, Wally, I'd give the best ten years of my life if I could go back to where I stood with Betty before I began to bury myself in this cursed invention of mine!" He choked up at that, and when he went on, "Show me an opening, Wally, and I'll walk into it if I'm gapping on the other side of it! That's how much I'm taking it lying down!"

"Um; that sounds more like it," was Markham's gruff approval, and he drove on.

Before they had gone far, Landis, looking back, saw a small car following; a car that was apparently having trouble making the grades, since, however slowly they drove, it never overtook them. After a time Landis spoke of the struggling driver.

"That little seems to be making hard work of it," he said, when, on one of the reverse loopings, they could see it across the intervening gulch. It was stopped, and two men were apparently doing something to the motor. Markham gave the halted car only a passing glance. This is the gulch where we saw the fire light before last," he pointed out. "Suppose we climb down there and have a look."

They got out and scouted the wheels with stones. The descent into the gulch was down a precipitous slope. Before they had gone very far they came upon what appeared to be a rough trail, with crushed and broken bushes to mark its course.

"What's been happening here?" Landis asked. "More rock rolling?" "Looks like it; we'll find out when we get to the bottom."

At the bottom of the gulch they found themselves in a boulder-strewn stream bed, and, turning to the left, they struggled upward toward the place where they had seen the fire. It was in a dry stream bed that they came suddenly upon the thing they were searching for—the remains of the car. Wedged in the bottom of the gulch was the wreck of a large car crushed into a shapeless heap of junk, and with everything burnable blackened and destroyed.

"Now we know what made the scared trail," said Markham. "That car ran off the road and came down here and burned up. Is it the Fleeting?"

Before Landis could reply, there came a vicious spat on the face of the rock heads which they were standing, followed by the crack of a rifle. They ducked behind the boulder, and at that there was another report and the clang of a bullet upon the iron work of the wrecked car.

"What the—?" Markham choked, grabbing for his pistol. But Landis was cool.

"Easy," he counseled. "It's those fellows up at the river. Don't waste your ammunition. The automatic won't carry half that far."

"It—?" cried Markham. "We're peeped up here like rats in a trap!" "No trouble about getting out of it, with all these rocks to dodge around."

Working their way cautiously among the boulders, they were soon out of range from the road above, though the unseen rifleman kept on firing, but the bullets went wild. After they reached a hollow that was out of sight from the marksmen's position, Markham looked apprehensively at the lone slope they would have to climb to reach their car.

"We'll have to go farther," he gasped. "We can't scramble up there to plain sight."

"I don't mean to," said Landis. "There, in a sudden glimpse of reason, I've had about enough of this d-d ambush business, haven't you? There is good cover on this other side of the gulch. We'll climb out that way and see if we can't do a little of the ambush business ourselves."

As he had pointed out, there was foresting growth on the eastern slope of the gulch to afford very well concealed sniping cover, and as they toiled up through the undergrowth, Markham was striving to fix his eyes on the lone figure who had been seen to fire. He was not alone, for the new point of

view. He had always thought of Landis as a dreamer, a thinker, a student—as anything but a fighting man.

But, here was an entirely new development. The dreamer, pale of face, to be sure, but with his jaw, nostril and the light of battle in his widest gray eyes, was storming up the steep ascent at a pace that made his heavier follower pant and blow. Thus it came about that Landis was the first to step out of a thick growth of little spruces at the level of the road. Markham burst out of the cover a moment later, and what he saw was further proof that a lifelong friend ship may not reveal the whole man, even to his closest intimate.

The small, dusty, rattling car was standing as they had seen it from the opposite side of the gulch. Beside it were two men with their hands about their heads in deference to Landis' covering pistol, and at their feet lay the rifle with which one of them had been firing into the gulch. Before Markham could get his breath, Landis was grilling the pair snappily.

"What did you fellows mean by firing at us when we were down there?"



"Talk Fast and Talk Straight, If You Want to Go On Living!"

Talk fast and talk straight, if you want to go on living! "G-g-great Scott!" stuttered the taller of the two. "Are you meanin' to say hit was you-all down yonder in the gulch?"

"You know d-d well it was! What's your game? Who sent you here to kill us off? Talk quick!"

"For Gawd, mister, you got us all wrong! We ain't aimin' to kill nobody! I thort you was a 'bar' so help me, I did! They told us, down along, that we might meet up with a 'bar comin' through these mountains, and when we looked down yonder, we shore thort you-all wuz one, didn't we, Jeff? You'll tell us his name. 'Good gravy! You don't reckon we'd shoot at a man, knowin' it wuz a man, do ye?"

At this point Markham took a hand. "Where are you fellows from?" he demanded.

"We're from Tennessee. Been to Utah, aced it, hit wuz a stiltin' country for white folks. Hit ain't, and we're aimin' to go back where we come from."

"Did you stop in Brewster?"

"Didn't stop only long enough to buy us some grub."

Landis lowered his pistol, but held it in readiness. "Why did you stop here?" he asked.

"The man jerked his head toward the open cowl of the car, where a discomfited ignition wire offered the reason for a stop."

"Go ahead and fix it," said Landis curtly. Then he picked up the dropped rifle by the barrel and struck it against a boulder, shattering the stock. "Just to keep you yaps from getting careless with somebody else's gun."

The disabled weapon upon the tarmac of the river. "Now couple up that wire and get on the road. And do it quick!"

While the men were working at the wire, he motioned to Wally.

"Look in the car and see if they've got any more artillery," he said; and he and Markham followed it up to where the "Tennesseeans" had parked the roadster.

They waited beside the road until after the car had hopped on around the next gulch looping. Then they got into their own car and headed for Brewster.

"Wally," Markham said, after they had left the scene of their late adventure a mile or more to the rear, "what's the answer? Is that wreck in the gulch what is left of the Fleeting?"

"I couldn't be sure. But it was an Eight. You saw that much, didn't you?"

Markham nodded. "Next, what's the answer to the two men in the river? Have you figured that out?"

"No; though I more than half believe they were lying. It's lucky for them that I wasn't sure."

"Wally," said Markham with a laugh. "A little while ago I said something to the effect that you might be lacking a few of the red corpuscles. I take it all back—every last word of it. Why have you never shown me the fighting side of you before, Wally? You haven't, you know."

I've been robbed and sandbagged and shot at, and the next man that tries it is going to get the best I've got in the box!"

"Gosh!" said Wally again; and this time he did not laugh.

On the flight down the mountain nothing happened until they were on the stretch approaching the side road leading to Canby's mine. Here, however, there was a near accident. As they ran down they saw a heavy truck backing out of the road leading to the mine. Markham sounded his horn, but the driver of the truck held on in a way to place the heavy vehicle fairly across the highway.

It was too late to stop, and Markham did the only thing there was to do if a collision was to be averted; stepped on the gas, and with a quick twist of the wheel whipped the roadster around the rear of the backing truck with no more than inches to spare between a deep roadside ditch and the trundling menace.

No word was spoken until they were speeding over the mesa road toward the city. Then Markham said, "We ought to have shot that truck driver, Owen. It would have been justifiable homicide, don't you think?"

"I don't think; I know," was the grilling reply. "That was one of Canby's trucks; I saw the name 'Quaynap mine' on it as we came up. It's running in my mind that we'll have to kill a few people out here, yet, before we're through, Wally. And by heavens, I'm telling you, right now, if they keep on asking for it, they'll get it!"

CHAPTER X

The Louisville Three

In the evening Landis briefly announced his intention of going to call upon Betty.

"The Stillings live away over in the western suburb," said Markham. "You'd better take a taxi, or the roadster."

"For safety's sake, you mean? Not so you could notice it. I'm not dodging anybody or anything to-night."

"Got your war paint on, have you? Don't want me along?"

"No thanks; I'll go alone."

Left to himself, Markham lighted a cigar and picked a quiet corner of the lobby in which to read. Soon Landis returned, the frown of his departure deepened to an unwelcome scowl.

"No luck?" said Wally, noting the scowl.

"No. She'd gone out somewhere—with Canby."

"You didn't see the professor?"

"No; he has gone to the fossil fields, wherever they are. I visited with the Stillings—mostly Mr. Stillings, in his den."

"Just friendly gossip?"

"Not altogether. Betty's been talking about us and that broke the ice. The Stillings don't quite like the way she's letting Canby out in."

"That's the aftermath of his scampishness out here last summer, I suppose."

"Not so much that as other things. Stillings thinks Canby is going to pull off something else; and that he is using Betty in some way."

"But how could Betty figure in any of his schemes?"

"God knows. But it's plain Stillings believes she does—innocently, of course. He was cautious until he found out where we stand; then he intimated that it was up to us to put a spoke in Canby's wheel."

"Good. You'll do it?"

"We'll both do it. As you remarked, I have my warpaint on, now."

"Anything happened to stir you up afresh?"

"Yes. That shooting this afternoon was a planned attempt to kill us. As I was coming back across town just now I saw a car with running-board of camp damage going through by the back streets. There were two men in it, and I saw them as the car came under the crossing electric. They were the men who were shooting at us. They were no tin can tourists; they were gunmen, hired to follow us. They made a roundabout drive some way, and have just got back to town."

"All right; dope the rest of it out, if you can."

"It's clear enough. My black box is here, and the men who have it know we have followed them, and that they won't be safe until they get rid of us."

"Can you carry it a step farther?"

"I think so. There are four men in it, and Canby is the fourth."

"And the three others—are they the men who ran their car off the road and burned it? How can that be if they are what they have appeared to be, all along—three well-known business men of Louisville?"

"I don't know. But never mind that. What we have to do first is to cut Betty out of it. Let's get to bed."

In accordance with the program which Landis—with his warpaint on—had mapped out, the two of them promptly laid siege to Miss Betty Lawson. In a week-long contest thus ushered in, Canby fought stubbornly for place, and there were numerous collisions—which seemed to afford Miss Betty no little quiet amusement.

On the seventh day, when Markham, taking his turn, had her out in the blue roadster, she said, "What makes you and Owen freeze up and refuse to talk when I say anything about her, Wally? What has he done to make you hate him?"

"We have never had much to do with him, either of us," Markham evaded. Then, bluntly, "Are you going to marry him, Betty?"

A FEW MOMENTS WITH THE POETS

WHEN GRANDPA LED THE CALF

The calf was eight months old, and "gramp" was eighty-five years old. The calf was just as full of fun as a heifer calf could hold.

So when "gramp" tried to lead her by a chain her portive sense. Perchance her to amble towards the old barbed-wire fence!

Now, grandpa hadn't done a stunt in spritling for some time. Nor was he good at hurdling, and was awkward in a climb!

Thus when the chain went grating round a Baldwin apple tree He didn't cut a figure that was elegant to see!

Now grandpa's eyesight's getting poor, As he didn't see the box. The empty soap box in the yard—nor the pile of ragged rocks.

So when the sportive heifer calf began to pull their way Why grandpa went along because he simply couldn't stay!

He struck the box and caromed to the pile of rocks and whirled Just like a sweet skirt dancer on the stage for all the world!

Until on running down the sharp and rather sudden slope His feet got twisted in the chain and tangled in the rope!

Now you've heard about the deacon who was angered by the calf; Well, grandpa's flow of language was more warm than his by half!

He cursed that calf at intervals whenever he caught his breath. And threatened her with every sort of licking short of death!

Meanwhile the calf had started at a good 230 gals. For he broke down in the pasture, which has risen high of late!

Grandpa saw it, but the headway he'd acquired on the spin Was so great he couldn't help it, so he tumbled headlong in!

Grandma saw poor grandpa coming up the hill all sousing wet. As if he'd been a merman, and was exclaiming you bet!

So she asked him: Wal now, Eben, what you been gone and done? And with sheepish voice he answered: "I've been swimming—just for fun!"

—Arthur B. Locke, Kearsarge, N. H.

MOONS KNOW NO TIDE

Moonlight is memory, though the sun forgets; And moonlight lingers by a crumb—

And grass-grown walks where flagging-stones are set. For feet that pass that way no more at all.

Summer's gone by, and laughter that is still, Might half-return them, one by one, ghostly one.

Suns mark the days, but moonlight knows no time, Dreaming all Aprils from a lighted

All lovers from a whisper hushed like rhyme; And summer's that have gone and left left no trace

Are one with each new summer come to flower, None in moonlight through a haunted hour.

—David Morton.

THE TOY-STREW HOUSE

Give me the house where the toys are Where the dolls are asleep on the chair;

Where the building blocks and the toy balloon, And the soldiers guard the stairs.

Let me stop in the house where the toys are, With its horses rule the floor; And the rest comes into my weary heart.

For there I'm at home once more. Give me the house with the toys about, The battered old trail of cars; The box of paints and the books left out.

And the ship with the broken spar. Let me sleep in this house at the close of day, That is littered with children's toys; And dwell once more in the haunts of play.

With the echoes of by-gone hours. Give me the house where the toys are seen; The house where the children romp, And I will be happier than man could be.

'Neath the gilded dome of pomp. Whoever has lived in a toy-strewn house, Tho' feeble he be and grey, Will yearn, no matter how far he roam, For the glorious disarray.

Of the little house with the littered floor, That was his in the bygone days, And his heart will throbb, as it throbbed before, When he rears where a baby plays.

—Anon.

EAST BETHEL

Herbert Hutchins spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. Magie Newton. Also Sunday guests there were Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Averill and Bernard Hutchins.

Ceylon Kimball was in Berlin Monday.

Work has begun on resurfacing with gravel the road that was built last year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hastings and Virginia spent the week end in Rowanham.

To be Continued Next Week

NEWBY

Mrs. F. I. French was in Bethel day last week and Mr. and Mrs. French took Miss Rosa Sweet to her home, Errol, N. H., last Tuesday. She has been staying with them during school vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Powers were North Newry last Sunday.

The tar crew is at work on the State road on Bear River just south of Newry Corner.

Mrs. Harry Rand and Mrs. Stanway Rand were calling at Walter Powers last Monday.

James Barnatt of Upton was a Sunday caller at H. R. Powers'.

Rexford Powers has a nice bed everbearing strawberries. There are some fine berries, for which he is a ready sale. At present he is selling out runners for another bed.

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DR. RALPH OTIS HOOD OSTEOPATH

Summer In Sweden



This Swedish Housewife Bakes Only Four Times a Year.

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.)

THIS year all Sweden is celebrating, with memorial rites and exhibits, the three hundredth anniversary of the death in battle of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish hero king.

Many are the ways of celebrating, for as the traveler moves about Sweden by canoe, coast steamer, river barge, motor car, railway or airplane, he is confronted with many peoples with customs and dialects unlike.

The differences, however, fade in retrospect and the outstanding impression one gets of Sweden today is of a closely-knit and homogeneous group. In its population an unusually pure Nordic type predominates—tall stature, long face, light complexion, golden hair and blue eyes. The blond coloring gives the streets of Stockholm a quality of lightness. In contrast, Paris seems somewhat somber and dark.

The one exception to the homogeneity of the population of Sweden is the Lapp. Some seven thousand of them, a race apart, dwell in the Arctic wastes of the Far North. In some vague past—their racial memory is short—they wandered in from the East, possibly from Mongolia. They have not stopped to carve their names on the eternal hills. They are deaf to the trend of the centuries. For them the music of life comes only through the singing of the wind above theiromad tents of bark and through the velvet tramp of feet, vagrant reindeer hoof.

As protected wards of the Swedish state, members of this alien race can securely over the tundras and snow-capped fields of the North. For more than a century Sweden has not been embroiled in war. At no time in its history has a conquering foe invaded its territory and left the customary aftermath of mixture of blood. During the past six years Sweden has entered more actively upon its humanitarian purpose of trying to outlaw war altogether.

Sweden has no colonies and so avoids entangling alliances. Its zest for empire and empire-building was worked off in the flush of youth. In the Viking days brave adventurers went West, and traces of their wanderings still exist on the coasts of England and France, Iceland and Greenland; but in many of the lands they touched they left no enduring record of occupancy.

Sweden's intervention in the Thirty Years' war saved the cause of religious liberty for Europe. Then came the brilliantly tragic reign of Charles XII. With his death in 1718 ended his gallant defense, as he alleged, of western ideals of statecraft against the threat of Muscovite anarchy. Sweden had lost its Baltic possessions. Its prestige as a world power diminished. The energy expended on extending empire has since been directed toward the more peaceful pursuits of developing internal resources.

No Immigrants There.

Sweden has no immigration problem, about 99 per cent of its six millions being native-born. Not immigration, but emigration, once threatened the national welfare. Before American immigration quotas were known, nearly a fifth of Sweden's population was represented in the United States.

Love of country dominates the Swedish people. Their songs reveal a passionate love for the beauty of the land which has been an unending source of inspiration to Swedish poets. The Swede's reputation for melancholy may be attributed wholly to his susceptibility to the vagaries of the weather. He is gloomy at the very thought of autumn, harbinger of the dark winter months. All the russet gorgeousness of September and October is wasted on him. He is quick to lament the briefness of the season of light. Remind him of some event in the past and he is likely to say reflectively, "Oh, yes, that was the year the summer fell on a Tuesday."

In that respect he is the arch pessimist. Stockholm, to be sure, is in very nearly the same latitude as the southern tip of Greenland. This means that approximately two-thirds of the country lies in latitudes generally considered unfavorable to habitation and growth. But the climate of the Scandinavian peninsula, with its jagged coast line sweeping down majestically from polar regions into the North and Baltic seas, is tempered by the warm Atlantic drift, which follows the western coast of Norway and dips also into the Skagerrack. There is a joy-

ous glamour about the way spring and summer come with a rush. Almost overnight, in the South, one sees the beech forests turn into low ranges of jade.

The islands the transatlantic visitor sees first, as he nears the Swedish coast, are those that encircle the harbor of Goteborg (Gothenburg), chief shipping center and commercial port of the country; for the usual approach to Sweden is by the "lonely passage" that rounds the bleak northern tip of Scotland and then threads down among the islands in the Kattegat.

Goteborg and Stockholm are linked by a road of water, the Gota canal. This connects the North and Baltic seas and the large inland lakes, Vänern—the largest lake in Europe excluding Ladoga and Onega, in Finland and Russia—and Vättern and Mälaren. The series of locks that provide for the varying levels in the route—the highest point is 208 feet above the Baltic—were an engineering triumph when constructed nearly a century ago.

Through Gota Canal. North of this belt of water is another "lake district," including the Fryken lakes of Varmland, Lake Siljan in Dalecarlia, and Dellen in Hälsingland, along the eastern coast. Farther north come the extremes of summer and winter. Where the Arctic circle cuts through the fjelds along the Norwegian boundary the sun is visible for 24 hours of the day for seven weeks in June and July. From any of the accessible mountain peaks the midnight sun is a breath-taking spectacle of magnificence.

With a few outstanding exceptions, there are no striking extremes of wealth and poverty in Sweden. There are no slums in Jonkoping, for instance, though it is the home of the world-famous safety match, one of the most important manufactures of the country. Esbilstuna steel, an equally familiar trade mark, has not produced a Swedish Pittsburgh of vicious vices and smoke.

The miners at Kiruna, north of the Arctic circle, live in a model community of neat, modern houses; and in Lulea, center of the Bergslagen mining interests, suggests neither luxury nor squalor, although one corporation, generally said to be the oldest in the world, has held continuous possession since 1284 of the great mine, Storä Kopparberget, with its vast underground pit.

Nearly All Live Comfortably.

The ordinary comforts of life are within the reach of the majority. With a highly developed telephone system, business and social matters are handled largely over the wire. At the hint of a delay, when a call is made, the Swedish operator answers, not "Just a minute," but "In the wink of an eye!" and she means literally and expeditiously just that.

The main railway lines, like the telephone, are state-owned. Private lines supplement rather than rival this service, which includes about a third of the total railway mileage of the country. Sweden has a more extensively developed railway system, in proportion to population, than any other European country. Third class is cheap and clean. Second far out-ranks the ordinary European second, and first offers luxurious means of travel.

The electrified railway that is fastest north in the world runs from Boden, below the Arctic circle, to Narvik, Norway's always ice-free port, through which much of Sweden's iron ore is shipped. The electrical current is supplied from Porjus, a modern industrial town that has sprung up in the wilderness of 25 years ago. The machine room at Porjus is sunk into a blasted mountain wall at a depth of 165 feet, a precaution that gives a hint of the low temperatures of the Arctic winter.

Electricity, derived from waterfalls and rivers, is being substituted by modern industry as fuel that in time will supplant the black coal which Sweden lacks. Black coal hinders the list of imports and keeps the balance of trade unfavorable to Sweden, but white coal is beginning to take its place.

From the depths of the forests of Sweden—they cover approximately three-fifths of its land area—come the commodities that head the exports. Wood pulp, planed and unplanned boards, paper, beams, spars, mastwood, and box boards provide nearly half of the nation's annual revenues from exports.

SUNDAY RIVER

Mrs. Eva Bacon and daughter of Beecher Falls have returned home after making a visit at her sister's, Mrs. R. L. Foster.

Mrs. Nettie Fleet and Hilda Fleet were visitors in East Bethel Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Herman Bacon and son Junior are staying at Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Foster's for a visit.

Mrs. R. M. Bean and daughters, Frances, Ernestine, and Jane, and Mrs. Roger Foster and two children returned home after a week's vacation in St. John's, N. B.

Junior Chapman of Bethel is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds'. There have been three bears seen on the Ketchum road this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds and son Royal, Anna Campbell, and C. B. Foster took a trip around the mountains Sunday. They visited the base of Mt. Washington and saw the train go up the mountain.

Mrs. Irene Foster returned to Beecher Falls Sunday night.

Mrs. Esther Powers was in Rumford one day last week, shopping.

Mrs. Sarah Kendall and daughters returned to their home in Massachusetts last week.

Erie Stowe and Leslie Kendall were on Goose Eye mountain cranberrying Sunday.

Recent callers at C. B. Foster's were Mrs. Sarah Kendall and daughter and Miss Webber of Cambridge Mass., Mrs. Addie Kendall Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanhope of Bethel.

Mrs. L. E. Wight and daughter, Elizabeth, Miss Carrie Wight, and Willard Wight of North Newry were in Ketchum berrying Saturday.

Reily Reynold was on Mt. Speck Sunday with some friends of Bethel. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bisbee of Bethel were in town Monday.

Mrs. Nettie Fleet finished work for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown and Mrs. Philbrook this week.

Miss Ruth Emery is making a visit at home.

Mrs. Frank Brown and Mrs. Dwight Brown, Mrs. Kenneth Wight, Mrs. Walter Emery and daughter Ruth were at Paris Hill Thursday.

Mrs. Lizzie Sargent is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Blon Swan's.

WEST GREENWOOD

Paul Croteau was on Howe Hill recently.

John X. Bennett has moved to the Butler place in Albany.

Parker Ramey of Bethel was a caller in town recently.

Mrs. Lowe of West Bethel is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Croteau. Mr. Bailey of Bethel is cutting wood in this vicinity.

Allister Lowe of Bethel was in this vicinity recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett of Rumford spent the week end with his aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Harrington and family spent a few days in Portland.

Mrs. B. Harrington called on her sister at East Bethel recently.

Abner Kimball was a caller in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Sabattus called on her aunt Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunham of Locke Mills were callers in this vicinity Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Croteau of Bethel called on Miss Harrington Sunday; also Miss Katie Sheehy and Mr. and Mrs. Sheehy of Lewiston.

SONGO POND

Floyd Kimball has finished work at Clinton, Maine and has returned home with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Burris and son of Somerville, Mass., were over night guests of Mrs. Floyd Kimball. Abner Kimball and son Floyd attended the Edwards' Reunion at Locke Mills, Sunday, Aug. 28.

Songo School opened August 29th. Miss Rich of Norway is teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hook, Mrs. Reia Rowell and daughter, Miss Violet Hindall, all from New Hampshire, were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Kimball.

Mrs. Daisy Philbrook who has been working at the Bear River Tea Room returned home Sunday.

Miss Mabel Inman called on Mrs. Carl Brown and family, Saturday night, August 23.

Mrs. Lee Holt called on Mrs. Lena Kimball one day last week.

Miss Alice Chapman is teaching at the Town House School.

Mrs. Lena Kimball entertained her mother and family of South Paris one day last week.

Our Own Advertising

The space we fill in this way is space that should be filled by enterprising local merchants co-operating with us to give Bethel and its trading area a live newspaper in which they may advertise their wares and advise residents of special bargains. A newspaper is not pensioned by the government or supported by a tax levy. The voluntary subscriptions barely pay front office expenses and costs of distribution. Paid for advertising must cover labor, materials, and overhead. Obviously it takes a lot of advertising to offset these expenses. Our rates are low enough to make constructive advertising profitable for every merchant, business and professional man or woman.

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